THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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PACIFIC

EARTH'S CHOSEN HEROES.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that
stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious
stone,
Stood serene and down the future saw the golden beam
incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme
design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I
track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not
back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation
learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet hearts
hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to
heaven upturned.

For humanity sweeps onward; where today the martyr
stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots
burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return,
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE MANN ACT AND SOME OF THE CRITICISMS OF IT.

A few days ago the following editorial paragraph appeared in a San Francisco daily paper:

"The conviction of Diggs and Caminetti in this city has been promptly followed by a secret attempt on the part of gentlemen of the same stripe to repeal the Mann white slave law, which has proved an effective means of punishing the crime that such persons make their profession. Alarmed by the prospect of being interfered with by the law, this gang has started a dangerous raid on the law which threatens them."

The foregoing, like many other statements from time to time in the daily papers, on various subjects and questions, is likely to be misleading, no matter how good the intent of the one who wrote it.

There is need that the people of California be informed as to the criticism of the Mann act, and be made to realize that it does not come merely from such sources as indicated in the quotation here given.

So far as our observation has extended, the papers have not furnished this information. Some have not wished to do it; others have feared to do it, lest the pronouncement should be, "Let him be anathema," because of the highly wrought up state of popular feeling over crimes deserving of course only severe condemnation and punishment. What is needed, however, at all times, is dispassionate consideration. Therefore we proceed.

The Springfield, Massachusetts, Republican, one of the cleanest and most influential newspapers in the United States, remarked about ten days ago concerning this law:

"As it stands this is one of the worst and most ill-considered laws ever passed. Congress cannot be too prompt in amending it." Observe that the thing here suggested is "amended," not "repealed."

In order that our readers may know on what ground this judgment was reached we quote as follows:

"It loads upon federal courts ordinary police court duty which should be left to the local authorities.

"To accomplish this it creates a purely technical offense.

"It weakens the movement for the suppression of the traffic in women by confounding it with mere immorality.

"Thus it draws no distinction between offenses of many widely different degrees of guilt.

"By converting into a felony offenses which by general usage are but misdemeanors, it greatly intensifies the difficulty of enforcement.

"In lumping other offenses with the so-called white slavery the penalty is imposed upon but one party to the offense, even if both are equally at fault."

The Springfield Republican continued: "A law so bad in these fundamental things could hardly have passed unchallenged had its scope been generally realized; and except on the Pacific Coast, where feeling still runs too high for dispassionate argument, the radical defects of the Mann act are beginning to be recognized.

Harper's Weekly, one of the most reputable of weekly journals, now under Mr. Norman Hapgood giving support to many reform movements, said a few weeks ago:

"In the white slave case in San Francisco, Judge Van Fleet, in instructing the jury which found Diggs guilty, very likely interpreted the Mann Act correctly. It is the act itself rather than the interpretation of it which seems to us so extreme that it is likely to do harm. Judge Van Fleet interpreted the act as providing that 'any person who shall knowingly transport in interstate commerce any woman or girl for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose, shall be deemed guilty of a felony.' He also said: 'It is immaterial what the character of the two girls involved in these charges was at the time of the acts charged.'

"Of course we may be mistaken, but if we have any right estimate of the attitude of the American people, or even of general human nature, the position that the United States Government shall punish as a felony any loose relations between the sexes is a stand that will certainly have to give way. The serious side of it is that we are now in a great fight all over the country to make an intelligent improvement in sex standards, and that fight will be interfered with by any such grotesque exaggeration of the functions of law as is represented by the Mann Act. Law ought to hit traffic in immorality wherever it can, but traffic is one thing, and the ordinary personal choice of two individuals is another."

On the 13th of September the New York Post made mention of some of the criticisms of the law, and remarked that they were such as to demand consideration.

Weeks ago the Springfield Republican remarked:

"How severe California is to be in punishing immorality is for its men and women to decide. But, if it is trusting to the Mann law to make needless a cleaning up at home it is preparing the way for disaster. If flagrant immorality cannot be adequately punished under the state laws, California has only herself to blame. And fathers and mothers will be ill-advised if they do not trust more to wholesome family discipline for security than to a belief that immorality has been abolished by act of Congress."

It remains to be shown that Diggs and Caminetti will not yet, if they are punished for their dastardly acts, have to be prosecuted under the laws of California.

The ruling by a federal judge in Kansas on Monday of this week, to the effect that the Mann act applied only to commercial features of the interstate transportation of women, is a further indication that the interpretation of Judge Van Fleet here in California may be overruled in the higher courts.

The present writer will not presume, as many tyros in law hereabouts are doing and have done, to pronounce as to what will be or what ought to be when the higher courts are called on to pass on the intricate points of law therein involved.

To the average mind it would seem that the act does apply whether or not it was so intended by Congress. But this is not a question for editors or ministers to decide. It is for the judges—ultimately those of the highest court of the land.

As to whether the Mann act should be amended, that is a different question. As to that all are capable of expressing a reasonable judgment. It must be admitted that there are some weighty objections to it.

But the aim of this editorial is mainly to put the readers of The Pacific on guard as to the criticisms of the act, so that they will not be led to stamp as upholders of vice and crime all persons who venture to take a position against it.

It is beyond intelligent contradiction that here is a question which has two sides to it, and that as to it good men and women are certain to differ.

THE SAVOR OF AN ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN.

The San Francisco Examiner is making it hard for some ministers and laymen to enter with enthusiasm into the fight that has been called against vice in San Francisco.

A girl once said to an attractive white-haired woman of eighty: "Tell me the secret of your power, and teach me to fascinate people as you do." "My child," was the gentle response, "remember just this: in the alphabet of charm there is no such letter as I; it is all you."

The Examiner doesn't seem conscious of this truth. In paragraph after paragraph, day after day, it is iterated and reiterated, in the lines and between the lines, that this is "The Examiner's Campaign," "The Examiner's Clean City Campaign," etc., etc., but all of similar import.

It has been asserted by another San Francisco daily paper that The Examiner went into this fight because it foresaw that a clean-up was inevitable and desired to ride in the band wagon. We are unable to secure the information necessary for a judgment as to the justice or injustice of this declaration. Our own opinion is that there is little if any ground for it; that it rests mainly in the general suspicion to which the paper has subjected itself by conduct in the past; and the suspicion which so many of the daily papers have called upon themselves by their acts in recent years, as great commercial enterprises, and with the commercialized spirit. But that aside as irrelevant, is it not possible for this campaign against vice to go on and The Examiner's aid be had in it all along without so much of the I in it in the future? The very fact that The Examiner is so flamingly and so persistently denominating it as its campaign is so suggestive of ulterior motives that it would seem that the guiding hands of that paper would desire to have less of the newspaper ego in the reports and articles in its columns.

It has been impossible for many to glance over the columns of The Examiner the last few days and keep from the thought that the paper was making the whole thing one big advertising scheme for itself no matter what the heart and good aim with which it had started into it. But for the good which they hope will be accomplished not a few are nerving themselves to stand all these distasteful features. They think of the words of the Apostle Paul to the Church at Philippi, which we give here from a twentieth century translation:

"It is true that some do proclaim the Christ out of jealousy and opposition; but there are others who proclaim him from good-will. The latter do it from love for me, knowing that I have been appointed to plead the cause of the good news. The former spread the news of the Christ in a factious spirit, and not sincerely, thinking to add to the pain of my chains. But, what of that? Only that in some way or other, either with assumed or real earnestness, Christ is being made known; and at that I rejoice."

PROGRESS IN THE CAMPAIGN FOR A CLEANER CITY.

At a meeting of the Board of Police Commissioners a resolution was adopted which provides that "after September 30, 1913, no dancing shall be permitted in any cafe, restaurant or saloon where liquor is sold, within the district bounded on the north and east by the bay on the south by Clay street and on the west by Stockton street."

It was further resolved that "no women patrons or women employees shall be permitted in any saloon in said district."

And further that "no license shall hereafter be renewed upon Pacific street, between Kearny and Sansome streets, except for a straight saloon."

A good beginning has been made. It does not mean a clean city, but it does mean a cleaner city.

To what extent the elimination of the Barbary Coast in San Francisco will decrease prostitution cannot be foretold. It means a scattering of the denizens of the dance halls to other parts of the city. If the Red Light Abatement Law were in force, the problem of extirpation would be much easier than under existing laws. But it is held up by the referendum.

The president of the Police Commission in mentioning some of the problems growing out of this decision for elimination names this sociological one:

"Now that the resolution has been passed, a constructive problem confronts the women's clubs and other organizations in San Francisco that aligned themselves in the fight for the elimination of the Barbary Coast. There are 500 or more women—some estimate twice that number—who gained their livelihood by working in the dance halls on the Barbary Coast. Many of these women supported their parents and children by their earnings in the dance halls, and they were not women of the underworld in the accepted meaning of that term.

"Personally, I believe that the clubwomen and others who insisted on the wiping out of the dance halls should now concern themselves in some concerted movement to find employment to substitute that which has been taken away from these so-called dancing girls.

"They have lost their means of livelihood, and, if they are not to be driven into a life of ignominy and wretchedness, they should be helped on to legitimate employment."

But many of the club women express surprise, disclaim responsibility at once, declaring that these women who have been earning so much will not accept what can thus be offered them.

THE WORTH OF THE JAPANESE.

In an article in The Pacific this week the Rev. Dr. Strong of Seattle pays remarkable tribute to the Japanese. It may be well to file that article as well as the one by Dr. Strong in the issue for September 10th. The Japanese problem isn't settled. And it will never be settled until the people of the Pacific Coast get a world consciousness. Toward that the forces of the universe are driving us. It will do no good to kick against the pricks. Self-preservation isn't the first law of nature—nor of God. Only misguided men ever think that it is.

It is to be hoped that the women will turn out in large

numbers at the missionary meeting in Berkeley next Thursday to hear Dr. Gulick speak on their responsibility with reference to America's Japanese problems.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Our last installment of papers from England brought several interesting comments on American life.

A writer in the British Congregationalist who signs himself, "Rambler," remarks that recent books and magazine articles have drawn attention to the chaotic conditions of American society, and he expresses the opinion that "there are few more interesting topics for discussion than the problems and prospects of that wonderful and perplexing country." He continues: "Someone has said that there is no such thing as an American nation, and the statement is absolutely true. New York, for instance, is a city in America; no one can say it is an American city. Every fourth man you meet there is a Jew, the youth who cleans your boots is a Greek, the men repairing the roads are Italians, your barber is a German, your waiter comes from a Swiss village, and when you mingle with the crowds of factory workers on lower Fifth Avenue in the lunch hour you will not hear a single word of English. Of course the great question is how far all these nationalities can be assimilated, and on this point I find that the shrewdest observers are by no means optimistic. Many of these people make some money and return home, others lead an easy, wandering, irresponsible life—led astray, perhaps, by the general mobility and instability of American life. Millions of people never really settle down in America. One of my best American friends has been a teacher, a publisher, a farmer, a literary adviser, a journalist, a dealer in real estate—and just now he is a minister. I should not be surprised any day to hear that he had become a banker or a professor. You can say nothing of such men with any certainty, except that they will never grow into a groove or retire into a rut."

This Londoner is of opinion that perhaps the best and brightest feature of American life today is "its raging dissatisfaction."

"People have discovered that material prosperity cannot be made to hide spiritual nakedness. They are unhappy about the brutality of modern industrialism. When they receive their railway dividends they remember that one out of every 458 railroad employees was killed, and one out of every thirteen injured in the course of one year. They are uneasy about the condition of the millions of the most enterprising and adventurous people of every nation on earth who, for good or ill, have been cast into the American melting-pot—for they have been told bluntly that 'you cannot make a Jew or an Italian or a Pole into an inheritor of Puritan or Virginian culture by waving a flag before his admiring eyes.' America has been absorbed in the battle of business, in the organized crusade of capitalism, in the stormy fight for gold. Now she has a little breathing space, and she is beginning to think about the human soul, about the building of character, the rights of labor, the sufferings of the disinherited, the peace of God. And it is not surprising that she should be a good deal worried. Everywhere the social conscience is being awakened, everywhere there is a wistful longing for the spiritual satisfactions of life."

The Rev. J. D. Jones, one of the leading Congregational ministers of England, writes of "An American Hustle." It was he who did the hustling this time, however, being in the United States and Canada only eighteen days. While here he says he did as Americans do, at any rate in one respect, "I got a move on; I hustled around."

Mr. Jones supplied for Dr. Jowett in New York City for two Sundays, and writes:

"I think my chief gratification during this visit was to hear the testimony given on all hands to the power of Dr. Jowett's ministry. We were loth to part with him to America; possibly some of us had lurking doubts as to whether he would be appreciated there as he was in the homeland; but the actual results seem to prove beyond dispute that in accepting the call to New York Dr. Jowett was being led of God. It is not simply that his ministry has been attended by the success of numbers—every Sunday morning the great church is thronged to the doors, but Dr. Jowett is exercising a ministry whose influence extends far beyond the bounds of Fifth Avenue. He is teaching the ministers of America how to preach. They crowd to hear him, especially on Thursdays, and it is this larger ministry which he is exercising which reconciles us to his absence from the preaching ranks of England."

Mr. Jones' comment on the Northfield meetings is of value:

"First of all, I was struck by the sanity of the meetings. It was the first conference I have ever attended. Perhaps I have been a bit suspicious of them. Perhaps I have been afraid of the type of piety which I imagined was encouraged by them. I went to Northfield with a great curiosity, and wondering whether I should like it or not. So let me say at once, there was nothing mushy or pietistic about it. Of course it was firmly and unmistakably Evangelical. But it was strong, sane, healthy Evangelicalism. There was a complete absence of sensationalism. The faddist and the crank got no look in. Nor was there about it any suggestion of obscurantism. The speakers were not committed to any scheme of doctrine or any anti-critical view. All throughout the teaching was brave, honest and sincere. Hundreds of people came to Northfield; perhaps I might even say thousands. One thing the meeting could not fail to do was this—to show the people assembled that it was quite possible for men who know all about modern scholarship, and who accept many of its findings, to hold the great Evangelical faith with a good conscience. And if Northfield succeeds in convincing the American people that there is no antagonism between scholarship and faith, it will have acocmplished a great work.

"The second thing that struck me was this—that Northfield was a sort of power house to which men and women came to get their spiritual batteries recharged. They were inspirational meetings. There were hundreds of ministers there. At every meeting they were present with their note-books, taking down every point a speaker made. They were literally replenishing their stores. They were getting 'stuff' for their own teaching and preaching during another year. And right good 'stuff' they got."

Mr. Jones concludes his comment on Northfield as follows:

"I found the meetings inspiring and helpful to myself personally; I found the Northfield fellowship most congenial and delightful; and I came away with the feeling that Mr. W. R. Moody was doing a work for religion in America as great in its way as the work of his father in whose steps he is so faithfuly following."

Dr. W. F. Adeney, who spoke at the Pacific Coast International Theological Conference this summer in Victoria, British Columbia, and who passed through San Francisco later for a visit to the Orient as representative of the London Missionary Society, wrote of the Victoria meeting that "a spirit of unbroken brotherliness prevailed throughout all the sessions;" that "keen interest in the results of

Biblical research was manifested, and that with an openness of mind and an absence of theological narrowness, much less the old bitterness now happily outgrown."

To show the scope of this conference and to emphasize the fraternity of it, mention was made of the fact that the Anglican bishop of the province of British Columbia conducted a half hour devotional service each day, that eighteen of the clergy of the Church of England in Canada were in attendance and about 75 Presbyterian, Congregational, and Methodist ministers with charges in the United States and Canada.

POMONA COLLEGE GIVEN DESERVED RECOGNITION.

Phi Beta Kappa, the old, historic, honor-scholarship fraternity of America, has granted a chapter to Pomona College, the first college west of the Rocky Mountains to be thus honored. The only institutions on the Pacific Coast which possess chapters at the present time are the University of California and Leland Standford, Jr., University. The Phi Beta Kappa Society is a very conservative organization and is very chary of granting new charters; it is therefore considered an extremely high honor for an institution to be granted the privilege of a chapter. It puts a stamp of approval on an institution of learning that cannot be acquired in any other way. Many much older institutions have not possessed their charters long. Beloit, founded in 1847, only secured its charter in 1911, and the University of California in 1908.

Pomona College presented it application to the Senate of Phi Beta Kappa last spring and that body heartily approved the granting of the application. Pomona's application was endorsed by the Universities of California, Stanford and Cornell, and by Colorado, Grinnell and Oberlin colleges. The Council of Phi Beta Kappa, sitting in New York City September 9th and 10th also endorsed the application and voted Pomona College a chapter. Pomona has nine on its faculty and one man, Dr. C. B. Sumner, very closely connected with the College, who are already members of Phi Beta Kappa in other institutions. These men attached their names to the application and will be chiefly instrumental in establishing the chapter here. The list is as follows: President, James A. Blaisdell, Beloit; Dr. C. B. Sumner, Yale; Dean E. C. Norton, Amherst; Prof. F. B. Brackett, Dartmouth; Prof. D. H. Colcord, Amherst; Dr. Geo. S. Sumner, Yale; Prof. Geo. C. Hitchcock, Nebraska; Prof. Geo. A. Lyman, Beloit; Prof. Chas. C. Stearns, Yale; Prof. Maro B. Jones, Boston University.

There will be a large number of graduates of Pomona College who will be eligible for membership in Phi Beta Kappa as soon as a chapter is formed at Pomona.

Phi Beta Kappa was founded at the beginning of the Revolutionary War (Dec. 5, 1776) in Williams and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va. It was, at the start, simply a little social club of five students. In 1779, it authorized Elisha Parmelee, one of its members, to organize chapters at Yale and Harvard. In 1781, William and Mary College was closed and its building used as headquarters, successively by the English, French and American troops, and the society ceased to exist. It was reorganized as the first Phi Beta Kappa Society. The early chapters were founded in the following order: Yale, 1780; Harvard, 1781; Dartmouth, 1787; Union, 1817; Bowdoin, 1824; Brown, 1830.

In 1826, the society changed its character and became non-secret and purely honorary in character, admitting to membership a certain proportion of scholars of highest standing in the graduating classes of the various colleges and universities possessing chapters. The members are allowed to wear the gold watch key as an emblem. In 1883 a national organization was perfected including at that time sixteen chapters. There are now, seventy-seven chapters in the society, including the leading institutions of the country. The government of the national organization is in the hands of a Senate of twenty members and a council made up of delegates not exceeding three from each of the several chapters.

The granting of the Phi Beta Kappa to Pomona College is an indication of the high ranking by the great institutions of learning in this country and the possession of a chapter will greatly stimulate its scholarship in the future.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PROBLEM.

At the very interesting meeting of the Bay Association held last Tuesday at Bethany Church, the liveliest if not the most serious and thoughtful discussion, was about our Sunday school problem. The matter was opened up by Mr. Carter, the energetic and genial assistant pastor of the First Church in Oakland. He gave a very vivid and rather depressing picture of the instruction given in our Sunday schools, where, instead of calling to the work of trained teachers, able to instruct, waiting and eager to serve, we have to take such as we can get—often themselves but little taught in the Bible, and unable to impart in any interesting or instructive way, the little that they do know.

One could not but be surprised and depressed to learn that a church so large as our First in Oakland with its 1774 members, and so abounding in good works and in monetary beneficience, should not be able to take good care of its Sunday school. It would seem that a man so winsome as our Brother Carter would only need to make it known that a teacher was needed, to be put to his wits end to choose the right one out of the crowd that would apply.

One could not help feeling, whether correctly or not, that he was speaking from personal experience, and even out of almost absolute despair, when the only solution he could give us for the hard problem was to attract teachers by a proffer of money as pay. Two or three dollars each a Sunday would enable him to exact conditions, to require proof of fitness, both as to knowledge of the Scriptures and skill in telling what they know, and thus to get results in Sunday-school instruction that would compare favorably with results in our week-day public schools.

It was difficult to bring to a close the discussion of a theme so practical as this, and I am sure that many hearts were stirred within them, so that out of the abundance of the heart they could have spoken. I was one of these.

I wanted to say, in the first place, that the comparison between our Sunday schools and our public schools is not fair. The latter are offering that for which there is a wide-spread and imperative demand. The appeal is to self-interest. The reward for attendance is an education which will enable the children to get on well in their affairs, to be able to command salaries, and possibly to aspire to high positions in business, in politics or in social life. The appeal of the Sunday school is to a hunger and thirst after righteousness which is far from being either so universal or so imperative.

Consequently in the public school, the teachers, attracted to the work by adequate salaries, can be required to make long and careful preparation, and to make good their undertaking or give place to others eager for their job, and they in turn can use discipline with their pupils which

we all feel would be unwise in the Sunday school. For we want to keep even those who are a burden on our hearts and a hinderance to our work, for how do we know but that on the very next Sunday, something may occur, some word winged by the Holy Spirit may reach that wayward heart and change it for the life here and hereafter? It is we that want him, not, just now, he that wants us. We want him, not, I trust, because he will count one on our roll, but because, we hope, and keep on hoping, that our patience with him will find its great reward in the planting of new life, life from above, Christ's life in His own.

In this appears a vital distinction between the public school and the Sunday school. It is as to the end in view: in the one case to implant knowledge, to discipline the mind, with little thought heretofore, sad to say, about the development of upright character. The appalling need of this last is calling attention to it, and we may hope that some partial solution of this problem may be found, so that right character may become the supreme interest in public school instruction.

Yet, when in the whole history of the world has this development of right character been effected with any genuine and substantial success, with Christ left out of the training? This the Sunday school can give. To give this is not only its greatest but its only true success. Therefore what we need in a Sunday school teacher is not mainly familiarity with even the Bible, but a heart filled with the Spirit of Christ. Suppose that a candidate for a class in your Sunday school, called upon to read the sixth verse in the prophecy of Obadiah, should fail in even finding the place; suppose she could not recite correctly the list of the minor prophets; suppose she even were more deficient in her knowledge of the Scriptures than this—if I found that she knew John 3:16 and her heart was alive to the blessed significance of that "little gospel," I would welcome her to a class far sooner than one who had had the utmost intellectual training but had not learned John 3:16 by heart. The former would be learning every day of the week. She would carry the class on her heart and in her prayers all the while. She would seek to have them know Christ as she knows him. And when that point is gained, the pupil is gained, and will himself so love the truth as it is in Jesus that he will learn invirtue of his own eagerness what the other teacher, with all her skill would have affirmed and explained, only to have it forgotten on the way home.

My own recollection of the beginning of my attendance at Sunday school is of a dingy room, almost wholly underground, with little windows on one side where the wall rose into daylight.There was no song or provision for singing. The benches were made for adults, and our little legs dangled in the air. What the teacher talked about was good, I am sure, though I do not remember a word of it. But I remember her. It happened that she was also my teacher in the primary public school. She earned and well deserved there my boyish respect. She had the privilege in those good old days of opening the day's work in school with the reading of a passage of Scripture and with a prayer. And there was, as I remember it, a feeling on my part of a reality and sincerity in her prayers. But it was in the Sunday school class that she became for me radiant. Personal interest and affection, and with this a love of Jesus and a loyalty to Him, a heart that wanted for us all what she herself had found in Christ, shone upon us in her face and was breathed upon us in her words both of instruction and prayer. I could not then have spoken of it in this manner, analytically, but I felt the power of it, and it made me want to be a Christian, made me by and by to desire this above all things else, and landed me, years after, in Christian life and labor. And I speak of this as a note of encouragement to teachers who feel themselves incompetent, who often go from their classes despondent and almost despairing. You are building wiser than you know, and some one, at four score and more, may write of you as I have of her. W. C. P.

THE LURE OF THE MANY.

Roy H. Campbell.

The author of one of the most widely read biographies in the world was beginning his work. He was not employed on a piece of writing ordained to die a slow death as the energy of its advertisers turned in a new direction. He was prefacing a manuscript destined to be preserved through twenty centuries, to be translated into nearly every known tongue, to be sent into well nigh every sqare mile of territory under the sun, to be received with profound gratitude and held in the greatest affection by two hundred generations of people. This man was beginning to write the book we familiarily call "The Gospel of Luke." In so doing, he wished to explain to his friend Theophilus to whom he was addressing his words the reasons which impelled him to assume the task.

You might suppose that the sanction for a work of such wide usefulness would be grounded in some urgent cause. You would ordinarily look for its authority in the tremendous need for such a book owing to the scarcity of writers who were willing to assume the responsibility of this labor. But when you begin to read the first words which he has set down explanatory of the causes which led him to this decision you find him under the spell of that ancient lure which resides in the interest of the many. "Forasmuch," he says, "as many have taken in hand to set forth a declaration of those things, it seemed good to me also." At the very outset of his production, in the front rank of these motives which moved him, we discover him setting forth that familiar appeal which we have all found residing in popular action. He saw his friends doing likewise. He was interested as we are in what other people are interested in. A powerful summons to any line of procedure presents itself in the doings of those about us: the popular action even in the most weighty concerns of our life casts a full vote in determining our own behavior. I wish to discuss briefly the danger and the aid of this powerful lure, indicated in such striking fashion in the foreword of this influential book.

"Forasmuch as many have taken in hand it seemed good to me also." The attitude here suggested has this danger. It is likely to make us take our share of those superficial judgments which are the common meat and drink of the crowd. Intelligent decisions which strike beneath the surface are not apt to be made because everyone else holds to the same line of thought; they are rather hewed out by sustained individual effort which takes into consideration the judgments of others but does not fall down and worship them. We find this danger full blown in those sporadic mob murders which are the disgrace of our democracy. The hew and cry after the black man

because he has fallen a victim to the lustful passion, lacking that self control which only generations of training can give; the hastily erected pyre, lighted before the life has left the body; the mutilation of the squirming flesh, all this gives us in its most hideous form, the surrender of that balanced judgment of the individual for the insane madness of the crowd. Forasmuch as many are allowing their reason to be overthrown in the blood lust because we see our neighbors marching toward the jail there where the cowering wretch is held by weak doors and a weaker sheriff, to spend their wrath in savagery, it seems good to us also. How far removed from all that is the trust and sober minded following of some leader whom we have elected to serve us in the interest of justice! Here we see this attitude at its worst, but wherever men and women are gathered together there is likely to be in some measure at least this same danger of the surrender of the sturdy and independent thought. We see it manifested, we must confess even in so vigorous a company of young men and women as are in these days assembling themselves together for the study of books in our colleges. Our own students, whom we have but just given the cordial greeting we are wont to give at this season of the year, are witnessing it already among the weaker of those who have for the first time taken up their residence among us. Without having made the slightest investigation of their own, before they have even heard the voice of the men who are to instruct them. They have made their estimate of the usefulness from the current rumor and are prepared to act accordingly. I will venture to say that in the case of the less sturdy of these newcomers you will be able if you take sufficient thought to find out the prevailing campus attitude toward innumerable things both light and weighty. There is always this danger to the smaller men when a company of people of like mind and similar pursuit get together. They are overborne by the many. The men and women of vigorous constitution lay our their own path, listening to their fellows, considering not only "what a man says, but what he is and finally making alone the decision which is to effect their own lives. But the invertebrates lacking this sturdier ability take the color of their thoughts and deeds from the passing shade decreed by the fashion of the hour. Unmeaning prejudices and lopsided views thus lay hold of them.

But there is a more serious danger even than this in the unthinking acquiescence in the action of the many—the danger of moral supineness. Curiously enough you may rarely look for any high moral decision in the action of the crowd. It comes about rather by the individual striving of some lone fighter and finds its gathering power only when it has laid hold of man after man, enlisting each in the service it announces. A crowd morally seeks its lowest level. "Come on fellows" rarely initiates a useful enterprise. A course of action which is helpful is usually begun when one is engaged with a spirit level lining out in sensible fashion the course of his own life. But there is something in the contagion of the many which breaks down the barriers of wholesome restraint in those who lack the hardier elements and lures them to unseemly action. Do you suppose that any average American girl who had the slightest respect for herself would engage in the suggestive animal-like movements of the ragtime dance, while all others, parents, friends and neighbors, were employed about her in other less repulsive occupations? She would with only an equipment of ordinary normal health recoil from any such action. But in the face of the luring impulses which spring from concerted action, you witness school boards and chaperones engaged to the utmost in an attempt to keep the ordinary social dance free from this contagion. What young fellow is there with the stamp of good health upon his face and the flow of good blood in his veins who would consent to sit down at the table and without the stimulus to abandon, given by class or fraternity sanction fill his belly with the worse than husks which loosen his wits and unstring his nerves. Against this danger in the comformity to the many the sensible man sets his face strongly.

But this busy physician taking time from the pressing duties of his work to set forth the outlines of a life which had singularly impressed him was not overborne by the crowd. It was not with hasty and impetuous zeal he went about his task. His own judgment was not prostrated in unworthy imitation. He followed the many because he was human; constructed as other people he was interested in that which appealed to his fellows. Here lies the aid of that attitude revealed so frankly in the initial words of his book. "Forasmuch as many have taken in hand it seemed good to me also." There is a useful surrender of individual bias in the sweep of energy which possesses the common action and interest of our fellows. It keeps one from being narrow and peculiar. Perhaps of all the men with whom you have come in contact there is no one more offensive than the one who thinks himself possessed of some unusual quality of thought or character. He does not mix with the common crowd. He prefers to give out his knowledge only to the initiate who are able to appreciate him. He may be able to write PhD after his name, a distinction won in some years of narrow scrutiny of a mere corner of the map of life, but he lacks altogether that wider human understanding which enables him to take a full share in the action of his fellows. This one needs to let the wholesome breezes of common interests ventilate his system. He ought to get into the game. He is like a student marching by, wrapped in thoughts of perpetual motion machine, while a football game is going on in the adjoining field. Unless one consults the tides which ebb and flow about him his own craft will be heading toward some lonely corner of the harbor.

The men what have made some individual contribution toward life have with consecrated humility first learned life from their fellows. They have known that no offering will be accepted unless it will fill into the scheme of things already set up. The Sistine Madonna is not the graphic representation of some occult mystery. Who cannot appreciate the brooding mother love that looks out on the pregnant future of the babe? The book of all books is not written in phrases which need a course in the university of India to comprehend. It is written in moods and passions and yearnings which are the common lot of us all. The invitation of the many here is a safe guard against an ingrown life.

But there is a more useful contribution still in that enlarged sympthy which comes from enlisting in human activities. Write a book so that mathematicians alone may understand you and you have a narrow book. It appeals to a portion of the intellect only. Put upon your pages that which will be appreciated by men and women and even children, toilers and idle men, rich and poor alike, and you are impelled to write of the essentially human, the things of the soul. Through that process you are undubitably enlarged. Lincoln was fullgrown because he was

concerned not only for the north but for the south —he bled with the men in grey as well as with those in blue. He was sympathetic with the slave but also wished to be entirely fair to the master. The borders of his life were thus enlarged. Forasmuch as many have even taken in hand—these words were the impelling words which enlisted even the Master. He was concerned in the doings and the attempts to do of all the people. Who is there that has interests outside the scope of this Man's concern—only the wicked and insincere—but even these are of most concern to him. He would stand shoulder to shoulder with his biographer in thus prefacing the acts of his low life.

Take any strong impulse to action and it has two sides, the helpful and the hurtful. We are given reason and will power to handle the tools we possess to build up not to destroy. Here is a principle with which I have thus briefly dealt which requires penetration to line it up in the ranks of the allies and not under the standard of the enemy.

NOTES ON JAPAN.

Sydney Strong.

I am now in mid-Pacific bound for home after four weeks in Japan. My daughter and I went for a rest, but after the manner of the sinner who came to the meeting to laugh and remained to pray, I had not been in Japan long before I felt the burden of Asia on my heart.

The relation of Japan and America is one of the gravest religious problems facing American Christianity and more particularly facing the Pacific Coast. After ten days on the ocean and thus with plenty of time for perspective and to have cob-webs blown out of my brain by the winds of God, I am of the clear conviction that American Christianity is being challenged and tested in our treatment of Japan.

No amount of missionary endeavor or success in Japan of Christian effort—and it is extensive and successful—will offset an un-Christian treatment of Japanese on American soil.

I have come to the conclusion that the first demand on American Christianity is simply to get acquainted with Japan—her social, industrial, intellectual, moral life. If I may judge Americans by myself we are densely and dangerously ignorant of things Japanese. I am positively horrified as I recall some of the remarks of my countrymen about the Japanese which I have found, on going to Japan, to be without foundation.

Count Okuma,—who has spent a life time trying to interpret Japan to the world,—is right when he asks, When men like Hamilton Mabie and Ex-President Eliot and Hamilton Holt come to Japan and like the people, why do Americans who have not known us dislike us?

The finest bit of patriotic missionary work that could be done these days would be to send committees of level-headed, broad-minded citizens from San Francisco, from Chicago, from Seattle, from New York, from Boston, who will make a sympathetic and scientific study of Japanese life for the purpose of reporting back to the bodies that might name them.

I have gone over my four weeks in Japan as I have walked the deck of the S. S. "Shidzuoka Maru" before breakfast, as I have dozed off to sleep from the depths of a steamer-chair, while the limitless waters suggested the eternal spirit of truth, and I come each time clearly to the conclusion that to try to interpret Japan to America is to individual citizens and to the church of America an imperative and immediate duty.

As for myself, I am glad to say that hardly a day passed, while I was in Japan, that I did not marvel at my former ignorance over the signs of Japan's civilization. I have had the pleasure of being in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy—in fact every country of Europe, excepting Russia, and I do not hesitate to say that I find no reason why the Japanese should not be classified in our minds along with peoples of Europe. I have lived among the Bohemians, Irish, Germans, French, Italians, in Chicago and Cincinnati, and am also acquainted with the large Japanese colony in Seattle, and in my judgment, in all that makes a good American citizen, I should rank the Japanese above the average of our immigrant population.

I have been impressed by a great many things while in Japan. Let me mention a few of them. I was astonished to find a people that sixty years ago lived under as stiff a system of feudalism as the world ever saw, now living under a system of civilization quite worthy to be compared to the civilizations of Europe and America. I found the cleanest people on earth—excepting none. Practically every Japanese carries a towel when he travels. He would omit eating as soon as to omit his bath. A Japanese rarely touches his mouth with his fingers.

I found a postal service that has universal delivery, has had parcels-post for years, delivers mails several times a day, a dozen times in the cities, collects from 6 a. m. until midnight, and includes telegraph and postal-savings systems. I found an educational system that has been carefully built up by sending experts to all civilized countries, that covers the ground from the primary to the university, that enrolls 98 per cent of the children of the country, that provides a school for nearly every form of human activity.

I found a railway system that covered the country, owned by the government, with low fares, frequent trains, that were run uniformly on time, run apparently for the com fort of the travelers.

I found an honest people. I do not recall a single attempt to over-reach us, at hotel, on street-car, on train, at station, even by the "hack-men"—the ricksha men. On the contrary, I found a distinct effort everywhere to give back the right change, even to the last cent.

I found a people that have an affectionate regard for America. It dates back to the time when our citizen, Commodore Perry, introduced Japan to Western civilization. The American missionaries have added to the good feeling. And then thousands of Japanese call some American college, from Harvard to Leland Stanford Jr., their alma mater. For example there is a Leland Stanford Jr. Alumni Association in Tokio of fifty or sixty members.

Japan is full of surprises. Let me illustrate. We were planning for a service, on the steamer, for last Sunday. I found in the Japan Peace Movement a song written by an American, living in Kyoto, on "For Now and Coming Time," to be sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." I suggested to our captain that it be printed for the service. He took it to his room and returned in an hour or so with a metrical translation in Japanese and the two were printed in parallel columns. How many American captains could do that?

Bishop M. C. Harris, a loyal American, who has been in Japan forty years, told me that General Booth of the Salvation Army told him that no country in all the world had ever given him as royal a welcome as had Japan. "I believe," added the Bishop, "that if Christ came to Japan he

would be warmly received;—the people are so reverent, open-minded and naturally religious.." So much for the Japanese in matters of religion.

The Japanese are our neighbors. The Almighty God has made us neighbors. Nothing can prevent it. Exclusion laws or the spirit of exclusion only pushes back the inevitable a trifle. One might as well attempt to stay the stars. The only question is, shall we treat our neighbors with intelligence and courtesy? Shall we be decently righteous in attempting to inform ourselves before passing judgment?

I have no hesitation personally in saying that in my judgment, Japan is a neighbor not only worthy of respect, but also a neighbor that will, if allowed, make a rich contribution to the social, industrial and religious life of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

A FEDERATED CHURCH WORK IN NORTH DAKOTA.

Who can pick the Methodist's from the Congregationalists? is the question asked by the Northwestern Christian Advocate in connection with a picture of a picnic held by this federated church at Harvey, N. D.

We give here a condensed account of that federated work.

While Harvey is a place of about fifteen hundred people the percentage of English speaking Protestants is very small, but almost every denomination is represented, and until recently three of them kept up their services, more or less regularly, by the help of missionary money or by the sacrifice of pastors and families.

Every year a representative of each of these three Churches went to the business men of the town asking for a donation to his particular denomination, and three or more times a year these business men felt constrained to explain why they could not give more liberally to each Church, until they grew weary of it and declared they would give no more at all unless the few members of the Churches could somehow get together. It seemed to them, they claimed, that if the people were really Christian, there should be some common ground upon which they could worship together. One pastor could do the work as well, if not better, than three; therefore, what were the reasons, and where the Christianity in half supporting three pastors on a field where there is neither support nor need for more than one? And what right do Churches have to use misionary money to keep up such a condition as that?

So, one denomination decided to withdraw its pastor and the other two decided to federate, for many of the members of each were leaving town, while but few were coming to take their places, and instead of improvement of conditions they would have to struggle to hold their own. The Methodists had a new church building upon which there was a heavy debt, and the Congregationalists had a good frame building with but small indebtedness, and this, with other things, made necessary for each society to retain its identity or separate organization, so they agreed to combine the Church services and employ one pastor, but to keep up their individual organizations.

The Congregational pastor resigned his position and the Methodist pastor was given an invitation by both societies to remain pastor of the Federated Church.

As few rules as possible were formulated, and an adjustment committee, consisting of three members from each society, was appointed to regulate all differences which might arise and to make necessary adjustments.

A financial committee, consisting of two members from each society, was appointed to look after all financial obligations of the federation. The financial plan adopted was a combination of the envelope system and the subscription plan. The last offering each month was to go to various benevolent causes of the Church and to be divided equally between the two societies. The support of the Methodist district superintendent and an equal amount for the Congregational Home Missionary Society were included in the budget.

Owing to local conditions it was decided to hold services during six of the coldest months of the year in the Congregational Church and to use the Methodist Church for the remaining months

Each society holds its own business meetings or conferences, and the ladies' aid societies, owing to financial obligations which they had previously assumed, thought it advisable not tomeet together regularly, though a most cordial relation exists between the two.

As the federation was entered into as an experiment, plans were made for its continuation only throughout one year, and an accumulation of rules was avoided as far as possible because it was thought that a year's experience would best reveal the necessary rules and regulations, and show whether or not a continuation of the federation would be advisable. The district sperintendent of each society has heartily cooperated with the enterprise and both received a warm welcome whenever they have visited the field.

Both members and friends of the two societies have often expressed their pleasure with the federation, and while only nine months of the year have passed many have already expressed an earnest desire for its continuation, some have declared they would not think of returning to the old way, while none, so far as we have been able to learn, have had a single disparaging word to say.

A union revival meeting was entered into in February with good results; a number were received into each Church of the federation; a class of young people has been formed for study and and preparation for Church membership; a most friendly feeling exists between the members of the two societies, for instead of antagonism and opposition, their work is in perfect harmony.

CALIFORNIA AND THE CANAL.

A Los Angeles correspondent of the New York Evening Post estimates in a conservative manner the effect on real estate in California of the opening of the Panama Canal. He writes in part as follows:

"Never before have salesmen, dealing in any commodity, had a proposition available for their business, of such magnitude as the Panama Canal. Never has any class of salesmen proved more resourceful in making trade talk of such a big proposition than have the real estate men of the Pacific Coast.

"These men began years ago to expatiate upon the benefits that will accrue to the Pacific Coast when the canal is open. Their story has grown with the years until now it is a glowing romance, which is coining fancies into golden dollars. It is firmly believed by a large part of the California population that as soon as the Panama Canal is completed the Pacific Coast will become the principal theatre of the country's activities. This belief has enormously en-

hanced the value of real estate of all classes, from desert acreage to irrigated orange groves and city lots. Inasmuch as the real estate interests are the largest advertisers, Western newspapers and magazines have freely lent their columns to the spread of what may turn out to have been a great popular illusion.

Ideas On The West Coast.

"It is represented that immediately on the completion of the canal the great tide of European immigration will cease to flow through Ellis Island, and will enter the country through Los Angeles and San Francisco; that Eastern capitalists will make haste to invest their surplus millions in the construction of great manufacturing establishments in the West; that the world's great trade routes will all be diverted to pass along our Western shores; that trade with Orient, Australia, and South America will at once expand, to the exclusive advantage of the West; that the flux of population from the Eastern States will increase enormously; and that in consequence of these developments every foot of land in California, Washington, and Oregon will double, treble, or quadruple in value.

"This kind of talk, started by the real-estate interests, fostered by the press, and now believed and talked every day by the great majority of the people, has caused the Panama Canal myth to grow to enormous proportions. It is expected that every one will become rich almost over night. The fact that real-estate values have been going up steadily and uninterruptedly for five years, on the strength of the Panama Canal, is lost sight of; and the claim is made that the actual completion of the great waterway will revolutionize conditions throughout the Pacific States.

What Will The Canal Do?

"Now, even the most conservative of Western financiers and business men believe that the construction of the Panama Canal will in many ways benefit the whole country, and the West in particular. But they state that the exercise of a little common sense should teach even the enthusiasts that these benefits must be a matter of slow growth. The vast enhancement in real-estate values that has already taken place due to the prospective completion of the canal, is the response solely of sentiment. For five years the process known in Wall Street as discounting the future has been going on. The utmost possible benefit that can result from the canal—for at least the first few years of its operation—has already been fully discounted.

"It is quite evident that the real-estate boom, on the strength of he canal, has already been carried far; and it is regarded by shrewd observers as likely that values may even fall off materially before the new water highway between the oceans is completed. There are indications that some large operators, who have been most active in propagating the growth of the Panama Canal myth, are already trimming their sails and preparing for less favorable weather. Land for colonization purposes and for subdivision into city lots is in less active demand than it has been for years past; many large landowners are displaying a desire to sell, even at a concession in price."

Now comes Isidor Jacobs before the Advertising Association of San Francisco and gives a picture of millions of thrifty immigrants preparing to start for San Francisco with the opening of the Panama Canal. He says: "The cashier of one of the large Paris banks told me that his institution alone was carrying four hundred thousand separate accounts, started by French farmers and craftsmen who plan to buy land or enter the business life of California." Mr. Jacobs represented the Commonwealth Club in certain researches relating to immigration. He believes the people are sure to come in great numbers and that place will be found for many on the land.

CALL TO PRAYER.

The officers of the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of the Congregational denomination join in earnest request that all our churches and church members pray for the success of our missionary work. God's blessing has been apparent in recent years. There has been freedom from debt, and increase of funds. Young men and women have presented themselves in encouraging numbers for the home and foreign tasks. The Congregational people may well thank God that these things are so. Will they not with one accord pray that our endeavors to teach the young, establish schools, build churches, educate workers, aid the colored people, circulate the Scriptures, minister to the sick, preach the Gospel effectively at home and abroad, care for aged ministers who have worked hard in the vineyard —that these endeavors may be owned and blessed of God to the greater glory of His name?

This is glorious work—the very best we could be doing. We are all partners in it, co-workers together with God, constrained by the love of Christ and working in His name. Let us be one in prayer and earnest in our supplication for the gracious, inspiring presence of the Spirit of God in all our work during the fall, winter and spring of 1913-14.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer is expected to reach Oakland the first week in October, and to be in his pulpit on the 5th.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. H. S. Tuttle will speak on "The Congregational Task."

Two weeks ago The Pacific announced that the Northern California Congregational Conference had postponed its annual meeting to November 11th. Some have overlooked the announcement. We make it again. The meting will be in First Church, Oakland.

At the risk of being anathematized by some people the editor of The Pacific has given this week some thoughts on the widely heralded Mann law which it is hoped will have a careful reading. The Pacific, however, has an intelligent class of readers, and the risk is not a great one. What is asked for is a **careful** reading of the article. With such a reading we do not think any one will misconstrue or misapply it.

The Claremont Weekly Budget for September the 12th contained the following note: "The community extends a heartfelt welcome to Dr. Kingman today. The earnest desire expressed in Dr. Kingman's letters to be with us again met with the ardent wish on the part of each that he would reach us soon, refreshed in body and spirit, strengthened by this season of rest, strengthened by our joy at his return. A remembrance of the years of loving service here, of the sympathy in time of trouble, of the courageous faith which urged building for the future, of the uplifting messages from Sunday to Sunday, fills each with a longing to express appreciation and gratitude. The life of Claremont

Church this summer has suffered no check of interest. There will be no delay to gain momentum. Let us as a community hold up the pastor's hands by a willingness to serve at every turn, and make him feel at the beginning of the fourteenth year of his pastorate that the best is yet to be." Dr. Kingman returned that week from a trip abroad,

The Pacific Unitarian announces that the Rev. Charles Pease, formerly pastor of Plymouth Church at Long Beach, has satisfied the Fellowship Committee for the Pacific States, and has been admitted to Unitarian fellowship and commended to ministers and churches. Mr. Pease occupied recently the pulpit of the Unitarian Church at Long Beach, and is reported by the Pacific Unitarian as speaking as follows on "The Liberal Church and Its Opportunity": "There is apparent to any observer today who is honest with himself a rapid demoralization of Christendom, and a widespread decadence of religion. The demand is therefore imperative that the foundations of faith be laid anew. This constructive work does not consist in opening up again the old controversy about the person of Jesus. It does consist in the re-discovery of Jesus' point of view. This is the prime task of the liberal church, because it is the rediscovery of the divine law of life and not the result of belief in a doctrine of a divine person. As the liberal church offers the medium most adaptable to the juster view of Jesus, so it offers the best opportunity for the definition of the limits of faith and knowledge."

Congregationalists of San Francisco and vicinity have enjoyed the fellowship for a few weeks of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Williams of Redlands, while Dr. Williams has been occupying the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Oakland. His talk at the meeting of the Bay Association last week during the devotional half hour was spiritually uplifting; and on Monday at the meeting of the ministers we had from him a most thoughtful and discriminatory paper on the question as to whether a man could be in the ministry today and have freedom as to thought and the expression of it. Any attempt to give in brief an adequate idea of this paper would spoil it. But there is freedom in the ministry, and we think that Dr. Williams' paper showed in an admirable manner how it could be had. Surely his work of twenty years in Redlands, though a man of modern theology, is an illustration of it. Dr. and Mrs. Williams will go next week from Oakland to Kansas City, where they will remain until the close of the National Council. They came from a work in Kansas City twenty years ago to Redlands. Dr. Williams has been in the ministry 40 years, and he remarked last Monday that if he were to begin a life work again it would be that of the ministry.

BAY ASSOCIATION.

The meeting last week in Bethany Church, San Francisco, was well attended. The program was one of much interest and value.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary read a well-balanced and scholarly paper on "The Evangelistic Method in Church Work," showing that the special effort and work as well as the continuous nurture and training had place.

The Rev. R. F. Carter's paper on "The Problem of the Teacher" drew a vigorous discussion. Dr. Pond's article in The Pacific this week will show the trend of the paper and of the discussion which was, with but slight exception, adverse to Mr. Carter's position.

The evening address was by Dr. Brooks, at which time the Association was introduced to the responsibility facing the churches relative to the religious training of University students.

The Revs. Miles Fisher and W. W. Ferrier were chosen as additional delegates to the National Council.

The name of S. R. Yarrow was at his own request dropped from the list of ministerial members.

Mr. Bradley, a student in Pacific Seminary and assistant to Mr. Palmer in Plymouth Church, Oakland, was received as a licentiate from the Cleveland Association.

The salary of the registrar was fixed at $25 a year.

Our work may not be seen, but God knows all about it, and it will count.

The gift without the giver is bare.—Lowell.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Mission.—Rev. George Laughton presented his resignation Sunday morning, announcing that it was his intention to accept the call to Hilo, Hawaii. He desires the resignation to take effect the 18th of October.

San Francisco, Bethany.—An indefinite call to the pastorate of Bethany Church was extended to Rev. Harold S. Tuttle at the business meeting held Wednesday evening. Mr. Tuttle has been serving Bethany in a very acceptable way since the first of the year.

San Diego.—The Mission Hills Congregational Church has extended a unanimous call to the Rev. H. B. Roberts of Tucson, Arizona. It is expected that Mr. Roberts will enter on the work early in October. He supplied recently for three Sundays. He is a graduate of Harvard College and Andover Seminary.

Long Beach.—The work of tearing down the old church building was begun this week. Last Sunday services were held there for the last time, and from now on until next May, when it is expected that the new building will be completed, services will be held in Plymouth building, used for many years before the First Church and Plymouth were united. About $100,000 will be expended on the new edifice.

Los Angeles, First.—A tender note of interest was added to the midweek service of Sept. 17. At that service the Armenian church presented to the mother church a silver flower vase for the pulpit. The Armenian who made the presentation in the name of his church well expressed their deep appreciation for what the mother church has done for the Armenian branch during the five years of its existence. For one thing, they have conducted their services in the Social Hall of the mother church for seven years, and have experienced a real sense of fellowship.

Oakland, Fruitvale.—The annual meeting of the Fruitvale Congregational Church, E. A. Roys, pastor, was held on Wednesday evening, September 10th. It was one of the largest meetings ever held in the history of the church. A delicious supper served by the ladies of the church preceded the meeting. The treasurer reported all current bills paid, with a balance in the treasury. The spirit of

harmony and peace which prevailed was a marked feature of the meeting. Hope and courage for the future of the church in all its wide-spreading influence was freely expressed by all, each member seeming to feel the watchword, "Onward and Upward," was their motto for the ocming year—for is not God with us?

Berkeley, First.—At the meeting last Wednesday evening the following was adopted: "Resolved that in view of the summons received by our pastor, Rev. H. R. Miles, to a work of large responsibility and promise in New England, and of the definite character of the request made by him Sept. 10th, in laying down the pastorate of our church, we, therefore, accept his resignation to take effect, as he has requested, October 15th, 1913. In so doing we gratefully record our appreciation of his earnest devotion to the welfare of the church, his Christlike character, his unfaltering patience, his fortitude in time of trouble, his unfailing loyalty to every charge committed to his trust. We are grateful for the breadth, veracity and manliness of his pulpit messages, the wise care which he has given to the Sunday-school and the Young People's Society, and for his sympathetic and cheering ministrations to those in adversity and sorrow. We have noted with increasing pleasure the wisdom and public spirit with which he has served the larger interests of the community and the churches of our order in Northern California and the consequent honor and esteem which have gathered about him, and will continue to invest his name and work upon this coast. In love and confidence we commend Mr. Miles to the Dwight Place Church of New Haven, Connecticut, and to the wider Christian Brotherhood, and pray that in continued good cheer and companionship with the Master he may go forward into constantly enlarging attainment and service."

NORTHERN BRANCH W. B. M. P. WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

The combined annual meeting will be held at North Berkeley Congregational Church, Thursday, October 2. Addresses by Rev. Raymond C. Brooks on Home Missions in the Northwest; and Rev. Sidney L. Gulick on The Responsibility of the Women of California in the Solution of America's Japanese Problems.

Miss Mary H. Porter, Peking, China, and Miss L. M. Crafts of the Woman's Home Missionary Federation, will also speak.

Music in charge of Mrs. Raymond C. Brooks. Sessions 10 a. m., 2 p. m. Luncheon, 12:30, 15 cents.

To reach the church take North and West Berkeley car going north from Key Route terminal on University avenue. Leave car at Cedar street.

A GARDEN FETE AT FRUITVALE.

A Garden Fete is being planned by the ladies of the Guild of the Fruitvale Congregational Church, to be given in the grounds of Mrs. Henry Wetherbee some time in October which, if present plans are carried out, will be a most unique and interesting affair. They propose to combine the regular autumn bazaar usually given later in the armory with this garden fete, adding numerous attractions in the brilliantly lighted grounds. We hope all good friends of the Congregational Church and others will be present. The date is not yet determined.

Let your light so shine, in the home, in the community, in the business world. Be what you seem to be.

PROPORTIONATE BENEVOLENCE.

Will all pastors and church treasurers please remember to send all monies in the missionary treasury to the secretaries or treasurers of our seven missionary societies, divided according to their apportionment? The third quarter of our fiscal year is near its end, and the needs of all our missionary enterprises were never greater.

B. ST. JOHN,
Chairman Committee on Proportionate Benevolence.

The Home.

MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.

Anna Louise Meeker.

Softly the shadows of eventide now fall,
Soon the hastening hours will throw their raven pall;
Out from nature's darkness, Lord, we cry to Thee,
Let thy guardian angel our sure protector be,
Keeping faithful watch over weak humanity.
"Peace, forboding children, now let your fears all cease,
Lo, I send my angel to whisper words of peace."

Clouds gather o'er us of sorrow and of woe,
We find no light, no comfort, no hope where'er we go.
Sitting in the shadow, we cannot see thy face.
Father, send some message to tell us of thy grace,
Tell us of thy love for the sad human race.
"Peace, my moaning children, now let your sorrow cease,
Lo, I send my angel to whisper words of peace."

Father, we have wandered far from the narrow way,
In forbidden pastures our feet have loved to stray.
Now joy has turned to mourning, pleasure has turned to pain,
We fain would find the pathway that leads to Thee again,
But the way is lost in darkness, and we seek thy face in vain.
"Peace, my erring children, now let your wandering cease;
Lo, I send my angel to show the path of peace."

—Pasadena, Cal.

THE HOME-MAKER.

How many women are you? Are you just one, rather worn, rather contented and a little bit helpless housewife? Do you carry your housekeeping problems to bed with you and wear your finery when you do the marketing? In short, are always the same, albeit, charming woman of worries and affairs?

Men, in praising a women whose charm has held them, have been known to speak of her as many women in one.

"Loving her was like loving a dozen women," some one said, "so varied were her possibilities, her moods, and the roles that she played in the course of the hours spent with her."

Cynics assure us that all men have streaks of the bigamist in them. This may not be true. But at all events it is a good idea for the housewife—both for her own sake and for the sake of every one living with her—to play a varied role in the course, and monotony palls even on the best of us.

How One Woman Played Varied Role.

This is how one woman played the varied role requisite to contentment on the part of all members of her house-

hold: She was a woman who kept one maid of all work and, therefore, found that much of the actual housework devolved upon her own shoulders. In the morning she always donned a severely neat cotton frock.

It was as simple as a nurse's uniform or a Puritan dame's dress. And like them, was becoming. It fitted well and was always made in a color that suited her. Stiff white muslin turnback collars and cuffs went with it. Her breakfast time mood fitted the morning frock. The mood was neat and rather Puritanic. It inspired the various members of the family to go forth and do their best with the day.

The maid of all work bustled and hurried about in a half scared effort to live up to her mistress' morning expectations. The children got to breakfast promptly and started to school without much prodding on the part of their cotton-frocked mamma. The husband, a bit in awe of his starched and precise little wife, went forth ambitiously to the day's work.

In the practical costume the housewife spent the early morning, and she herself found the dress and the mood she donned with it an incentive to neat, thorough, and quick work.

Afternoons Left Free.

Her afternoons were thus left free to devote to herself and her children. With thought of the trim morning housewife far away, she donned a simple afternoon dress, and gave herself up to letter writing, calling, and tea making, club and society work, and the entertaining of her children. She was the comfortable, happy sort of a mother that children love when they come home from school. They could hardly remember the starched mamma that had sent them sternly, but kindly off in the morning when they beheld this mamma was a playfellow and counselor rolled into one.

Her friends found her a charming hostess, with plenty of time to waste on visiting, embroidery or other feminine pastimes; they could not reconcile their afternoon impressions of her with the impressions which the morning glimpses of her gave them.

When evening came and her husband, who had worked all day inspired and encouraged by the thought of the trim little lady he had bidden good-bye to in the morning, returned—presto! Another wife met him at the door. She was attractively dressed in a soft and fashionable frock, which in his eyes would have done honor in a palace drawing room and would have been as out of place as a firecracker in a hospital or a Puritan dame's orderly sitting room. In the lamplight she was the restful listener, the entertaining companion—but the inspiring partner of the morning was lost.

Still Another Woman.

When Saturdays or other holidays came around the husband and children found still another woman. She was dressed in a khaki skirt and a soft silk shirt. She had a sweater tied about the waist to don if a cold wind came up. She wore stout boots and a light, small cap. She had no coat, so no one had to offer to carry it. Her hat could not get hurt, so she could slide under fences or branches as well as anyone else. Altogether she was a comfortable holiday maker, who possessed the added attraction of always providing a tempting and satisfying luncheon when it was needed.

This woman had another self—her negligee self. She wore a dainty negligee, always, when she rested in her room, even if the rest occupied only fifteen minutes. In her negligee she was just herself. She never wore a negligee excepting when she was resting, and so, whateveer it was, it kept the original charm for a long time, as it was not dragged about the house to lose its freshness.

Actors and actresses keep young far beyond the proper time for them to grow old, we are always told. Probably much of this lasting youth is due to the fact that their minds and bodies are kept elastic and firm through the variety of the parts they are forced to take.

So it was with the woman who had so many different personalities. In any one role she would have become tedious both to herself and to her family. By changing from one to another she remained charming.—New York Times.

STARCH DIGESTION.

Starch is found in vegetable foods. It is insoluble in cold water, dissolves partially in boiling water, but must be well cooked to be easily digested. All starchy foods are, during the process of digestion, converted into sugars and burned in the body to produce heat and energy. White bread, sweet and white potatoes, hominy, hominy grits, rice and all the cereals, chestnuts, and the Italian pastes, as macaroni and spaghetti, are our common starchy foods.

Starches are practically digested in the small intestines. If we overtax this portion of the digestive tract we have intestinal indigestion, that sort of digestion which produces fermentation and flatulency.

According to our more recent dietitians, we require five times as much fat, sugar and starch—the carbohydrates—as we do of the lean meats, eggs and milk—the proteids or tissue building foods. In arranging bills-of-fare take into account first the meats and the starchy vegetables; the remaining part of the dinner—the green vegetable and the salad—will be counted largely as bulk unless dressed with sauces rich in eggs and milk, when they must be counted with the meat course. On the other hand, if the salad is rich in oil put it in the group of heat-producing foods.

The first transformation of starch is over the fire; the grains swell and rupture the cells. The second and most important part of the preparation of the starchy foods is thorough mastication. The mouth contains an alkaline secretion and a ferment known as ptyalin, which acts upon the starch if it is held sufficiently long, converting it into maltose—a sugar. If the starches escape this digestion they are more liable to fermentation. The American people as a class are "bolters," and as this has continued for many generations, we have little or no mouth digestion, which accounts for the frequency of intestinal indigestion. All starchy foods should be masticated at least thirty times before they are swallowed. Or taste and masticate until they become sweet and you will never have intestinal indigestion, or you may cure yourself if you already have it.

THE PINEAPPLE.

The pineapple is of especial value to the dyspeptic, the debilitated and the person afflicted with throat trouble, particularly when the vocal cords are paralyzed. Indeed, the "grape cure" and the apple cure" are finding an officially recognized and most stalwart competitor for public favor, in the "pineapple cure." Ripe, luscious fruit, not over-ripe nor under-ripe, but tender, sweet and succulent,

is one of the most wholesome foods that come to our tables. In recommending its free use to all who would be well, Dr. David Day of the United States Geological Survey, who ascribes his own good health to the free use of well-ripened "pines," pays this glowing tribute to its manifold virtues: "If you have one foot in the grave and are a nervous wreck from dyspepsia, drink pineapple juice. It is the greatest tonic that Nature has yet offered poor man, even better as a weapon against age and decrepitude than the sour-milk diet that has made the Bulgarian peasants the longest lived people to be found anywhere. The juice of the pine contains the natural ferments of healthy digestion to a remarkable degree and are far better than sour milk in that it does not have to digest itself. I really believe," declares the zealous apostle of the pineapple propaganda, " that if we adopted pineapple juice as the national beverage, the Americans would be the healtiest people in the face of the earth. We would never know what dyspepsia and indigestion are. When iced and properly sweetened there is no drink that can equal or even be compared with it. Its active digestive principle—"bromelin" —is now being used by chemists to predigest beef and thus obtain a pure peptone for use as foods for the sick and convalescents. One of the largest firms of manufacturering chemists states that it is the only ferment that furnishes peptone entirely free from bitterness."

As a digester, the ripe pine has no equal, and on this account it is not well to take the fruit on an empty stomach. Failing other material for its activities, it is apt to get in some strenuous work on the lining of the stomach itself. It is better, therefore, to serve it toward the last of the meal at breakfast, or as an accompaniment or follower of the meat course at dinner, where it assists in the digestion of the food.—Emma Telford.

For The Children.

WOULDN'T SAY "PLEASE."

There was once a small child who would never say "please,"
I believe, if you even went down on your knees.
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,
And call out to her mother in words such as these:
"I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"
"Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!"
So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,
Once blew her away in a powerful breeze,
Over the mountains and over the seas,
To a valley, where never a dinner she sees,
But down with the ants, the wasps and the bees,
In the woods she must live till she learns to say "please."

HOW THE BEAR LOST HIS TAIL.

An Indian Legend

An old fox saw an Indian with a sledload of fish. The fox wanted a fish, but was afraid of the man. How could he get a fish without letting the Indian know? At last he thought of a plan. He laid himself down by the sled road and made the Indian believe that he was dead.

The Indian wanted the fox's skin, but did not have time to take it. He threw the old fox on the sled with the fish and pulled the big load towards his wigwam. While the Indian was hard at work pulling, the old fox pushed off two or three good fish and rolled off himself. In a minute he was out of sight with the fish.

The fox met a wolf who asked him, "Where did you get the fish?"

The fox did not like the wolf, but told him the trick he had played on the Indian.

"It is easy. Go and do it," said the fox.

The stupid wolf ran away, and after seeing the Indian lay down and waited as the fox had told him. The Indian found him, but he was not to be fooled twice by the same trick. He pounded the old wolf with the stout stick he used for a cane. The wolf jumped up very sore and ran away to find the fox. He did not find him.

A bear saw the fox eating the fish while the wolf was gone.

"Where did your fish come from?" asked the bear.

'Follow that road down to the river and you will find a fishing place. Put that long bushy tail of yours into the water. Wait until the fish bite it, then snatch them out."

The bear ran down to the river and did just as the fox had told him, but the fishing place froze over while the bear waited for the fish to bite. The bear did not know this, for his back was turned to the water. It was a very cold day, and the bear thought he would walk and get warm. He tried to get up, and his tail broke off short in the ice.

The bear ran so fast that he found the fox, and be wanted to fight him.

"I have done nothing," said the fox. "It is all because you are so slow."

The bear never had a long tail after that time. The fox never lost his fine one.—Credited to Kaanerwah, Iroquois Chief, in Wigwam Stories, by M. C. Judd.

"OUT OF SORTS."

The children were in the play-room, a great attic chamber, parted off on purpose for their benefit. Here the dollies lived, with all their parlor and kitchen furniture. It was the special domain of Helen and Bessie Gray. Tom visited it when it stormed, or he was sick. The rain on the roof showed why he was in-doors now; and, willing to be useful, he was trying his hand at making a bedstead for Lady Primrose, a rosy-cheeked doll, the queen of the baby-house. Dear little cousin Bell was visiting the children, and she was showing Tom how to build a pagoda of cards, the hardest kind of card-house," she said. Helen was manufacturing a bonnet; that was for Lady Primrose also. They were very busy, and very happy, as children with something to do always are. Bessie sat by herself wishing all sorts of impracticable wishes.

"Bessie is out of sorts," said Tom; "she always does so when she is."

"I'm not, master Tom," cried Bessie spitefully. Bessie took a pea from her pocket, and poising it on her thumb and finger, took aim and snapped it; it shot against cousin Bell's card-house with force enough to bring it tumbling to the floor; in its fall, it upset a broken cup of glue, which Tom had for his bedstead. "Oh," cried cousin Bell, with sorry surprise. "Oh," cried Helen, "your blue dress is daubed with glue: Bessie, how could you do so?" looking reproachfully at her sister. Tom darted, an angry glance at her; Bessie," he cried, "if you were not a girl I'd thrash you!" Bessie had a great admiration of Tom's genius, and she was provoked that he seemed to like better to show cousin Bell how he was making his bedstead, than to show her, when Bell did not care about such things half as much

as she did. Tom had to leave his work to scoop up his glue; and Helen had to wipe cousin Bell's dress clean of it. Bessie looked grimly on, surveying the disaster.

Presently she spied Tom's knife behind him, which she coaxed with her feet within grabbing distance, and hid it. When Tom settled back to his work again, his knife was first thing he wanted. "Knife, knife, where are you?" cried he. It did not come. "Helen, Bell have you seen it?" They had not, but were ready to join in a hunt for it. No knife rewarded their search. "Where is my knife?" cried Tom excitedly; "could I have left it down in the wood-house?" Up he jumped, and away he ran down stairs to see. "I can't find it," he said, after carefully looking down stairs and up. "Bessie, have you got it?" "I don't want your old knife," cried Bessie, stretching out her hands like five-fingers. "Let's make a general hunt," said Helen; and every thing in the baby-house was turned topsy-turvy. Not a do'l had it.

Bessie had that "glad of it" look in her eyes which is a gladness without any real joy; it is a glory in mischief which has nothing but the seeds of sorrow in it. "It is a mystery," said Tom in a disappointed tone, when they found they must give it up. "Well, girls, I can't go on without it; I must lie on my oars." "It is such a pity," said Helen sadly; "you were working so beautifully, and we don't always get you up here, Tom." "I am sorry most of all for my carelessness," sighed Tom. He bundled up his sticks, laid them aside, and pretty soon went out. "Our comfort is spoiled," said both the little girls.

By and by, "Girls! girls! Helen, Bell, come here!" sounded up from foot of two pair of stairs. They jumped up, not sorry to leave their disordered baby-house. "Come, Bessie, you too," said Helen, stretching out her hand affectionately towards her sister. "I never go where I am not wanted," answered Bessie proudly. "We want you, only you don't want us," said Bell.

Away the girls ran, and Bessie was left all by herself. "They won't get me again very soon," muttered the little girl, in no enviable frame of mind. When she arose, the knife slipped on the floor. "Old knife, I don't want you" and she gave it a kick across the baby-house floor. Bessie went out and crept into an unfinished part of the garret, behind some barrels. She was much like a solitary spider seeking something to prey on. Bessie began, after a long while, to feel very lonely.

Coming out from her hiding place, she came softly down stairs, listening at every step. Leaning over the banisters, she caught the sound of happy voices in the parlor, and then turned off to aunty's chamber door. "Aunty," said Bessie, "may I come in?" "Is that you, Bessie" said aunty; "come in: where are the others?" "They don't like me; they don't want me with them," said the little girl. Aunty looked at Bessie's twisted face, and asked, "Do you like them, Bessie?" "I'm all out of sorts," said the little girl, seating herself on the foot of the bed; and not pleased with aunty's views, she began to wish herself anybody but herself, and bitter tears ran down her cheeks. Aunty said nothing, knowing that tears, like rain, often make little openings for the sunshine.

At last she asked, in a husky voice, "Is 'out of sorts' one of the sins mentioned in the Bible, aunty?" Not by name," answered aunty. "I know what it is," said the little girl, sobbing, "it is getting on the side of your heart that is turned from God." Aunty thought it was the best definition of "out of sorts" she ever heard, for the side turned from God was turned from love, since God is love; and that accounted for the contrary, mischievous, and ugly things which people do and say at such times. "Well," said aunty in a sympathizing tone, "I don't know but you have the right of it, Bessie. That must be the wrong side, very wrong indeed; and the only thing to do is to jump over on the other side as quick as you can."

Bessie thought so too. She put up a little hurried prayer in her heart," "Help me, Lord Jesus, help me to love folks;" and making one bound for that other side, she started up and ran out of the room. Up stairs she hurried, and straight into the the play-room, where, amid the confusion, she picked up Tom's knife, and flew down like a bird.

Following the direction of other distant voices, Bessie ran to the piazza, where the children were trying to see a broken rainbow, painted by a shaft of sunlight on the cloud. "Dear Tom, here is your knife," said Bessie, thrusting it over his shoulder. "I'm glad," cried Tom, too thankful to ask questions of its whereabouts. "So am I, and I,'" echoed the little girls, putting out their hands to Bessie. Bessie came between them, and all interlaced their arms together.

Then the sunshine of love put a bow in Bessie's heart.—Golden Threads.

A SONG FOR SLEEPY EYES.

Sing a song of morning
For sleepy little eyes,
Four and twenty robins
Are soaring to the skies.

Long before the sun was up
I heard their tuneful notes;
Wasn't that a welcome sweet
From little feathered throats?

The blossoms in the garden
Opened when 'twas sunny,
And soon the bees were on the wing
Gathering their honey.

Rover barked and wagged his tail
To show me that he smiled,
And then he trotted in and waked
A drowsy little child.

Birds and bees and blossoms
Are as glad as they can be,
So now, my little sleepy eyes,
Ope and smile at me.

—Anna M. Pratt.

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Christ proved he was the light of the world by the way he ministered to men.

Don't kick the kickers, we need them, kick yourself. History is a succession of kickers.

CAN YOU?

Can you put the spider's web in place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at your feet to-day?
Can you put the lily cup back on the stem
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty blow?
Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?
Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flour again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?
Can you put the kernel again in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?
Can you put the perfume back in the vase
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the cornsilk back on the corn,
Or down on the catkins, say?
You think my questions are trifling, dear,
Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
Or a deed unkind, undone?—Ex.

"Aren't you going to say your prayers, Willie?"

"No, I'm not! I a mtired of praying for this family without getting any results."—Life.

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